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The Sultan Nods.

"**A**T thy feet and Allah's," the vizier read,
"We, thy servants, pray for bread.
This year our lands have poorly thriven;
Their meagre fruits to thee were given
In tithes." The sultan nodded his head.

"Our lowly homes are narrow and old;
And the desert gales are fierce and cold,"
The vizier slowly went on reading,—
"For fuel we ask in humble pleading."
The sultan sighed on his throne of gold.

"Our faith with thee we've always kept,
In all thy wars our columns swept
The field of foes. And now we pray thee
Give us help that we may stay the
Famine's pangs." The sultan slept.

"Our flocks are starved; our little hoard
Of other years that we had stored
For future wants, is naught. The dying
Lift their hands to Allah crying
For thine aid." The sultan snored.

Thereupon the vizier closed
The tedious manuscript and dozed.

A. L. M.

Religion and Alienage.

JOHN GILLESPIE EWING.

A STUDENT of ancient and mediæval times is at once struck with the great part that religion plays in the political actions of men. Among all early nations the conception of a legal obligation, without the tie of a joint religious worship, was unknown, and the extension of political fellowship and union among men and nations coincided always with the spread of a joint worship. Men possessing no

joint religious tie, were enemies, and neither regarded the other as capable of legal or political rights.

When communities having no joint bond of worship, would establish political relations, they set up a religious worship in which they were both to share. Such was the nature of the confederations of the Greek states. They were established by the founding of a common temple in which joint worship was made. The confederations of the Asiatic Ionians worshipped Poseidon Heliconius at the Panionium, at the foot of Mount Mycale; that of the Asiatic Dorians, Apollo Triopius at Triope; that of the Achæans, Demeter Panachæa; that of the Boeotians, Athene Itonia. Delegates, chosen by each of the states of the league and clothed with priestly character, meet in the common temple. Sacrifice was offered by them, and they joined in eating of the sacred flesh of the offered victims. The plays and games at those meetings were as much a part of the religious worship as the prayers and songs at the sacrifice. Like institutions are familiar in the case of the Latins and the Etruscans. This fact of joint worship being the bond that held states in union, is universal among all ancient peoples.

When two peoples, possessing no common worship, stood opposed, neither held that any act done against the other was unjust. War between them could arise lawfully without any cause, and it was prosecuted generally until the extermination of the political existence and legal rights of the conquered, if not until their utter extinction. When a contest did not end by the absolute victory of either state, a treaty of peace might end it. But the making of such a treaty was a religious rite, accomplished by priests according to ecclesiastical law. We speak of making a treaty; the Latins said, to strike a kid, *icere hædus* or *fædus*, the Greeks, to offer a libation, *σπένδεσθαι*.

The effective act was the joint sacrifice. The instance of the Candine Forks is noted in Roman history. An entire army by the consuls had made terms with the enemy, but no sacred rite was enacted. The senate held it no treaty, and, in the eyes of men of that day, committed no act of bad faith by so doing.

The whole of what we may call the international law of the ancients was founded on this principle. Where the gods were one or friendly, men were friends; where they were enemies, men were enemies. Alien and enemy was practically synonymous. Alien friends were few, as common religious worship was the exception. This view is evident in the actions of the Romans towards the nations they conquered. To men of our day, imbued with the modern ideas of the rights of man, and lacking in the bond of a common faith, they seem often without justification. Yet bound to these peoples by no joint religious tie, they held they owed them no duty, and they considered them as enemies. The conquering and taking possession of their country was the occupying land that was without an owner, and the forcing of their rule upon men whom they recognized as having no political or legal rights.

The same principle of political action prevailed in that mediæval world, we know as Christendom. Held together by a common faith and worship, the profession thereof alone gave to an alien, or an alien nation, political or legal rights, excepting where an obligation was explicitly incurred. An infidel or pagan nation had, in the eyes of men, no legal right of existence, and its conquest was at any time, and practically by any means, lawful and praiseworthy. One who held not the common faith, was not, in any Christian land, a citizen, and could originally possess no political or civil rights. This fact will give us the key to many a curious problem of legal right in those centuries. The religious idea controlled the entire political action of men. The foundation of government must be either force, or the obedience religious obligation exacts. Note how the coronation of kings, a religious ceremony, was held to confer upon them the right of rule; how their years were dated from their coronation, and not, as today, from the day of the death of their predecessor. Queen Elizabeth did not deem it wise to disclose her intentions as to religion, until she had received her coronation according to the olden rite.

The condition of the Jews, the law of alien-

age, and the wars of Christian nations with infidel peoples, and their treatment of them when conquered, is all seen to follow from this principle. The Protestant Reformation that destroyed that political union, known as Christendom, was the beginning of new ideas that, in many ways, have caused the setting aside of this principle. But it still lives in many of the rules of international law, if not recognized as the sole justification for them.

In it we see the explanation of the relations of the European nations to the newly discovered lands of America in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries. The famous Bull of Alexander VI. proceeded on this principle. The lands in possible dispute between Spain and Portugal, both of whom were seeking to obtain possession, were lands whose inhabitants were outside the pale of the common faith, and these lands were legally considered by Christian men as unoccupied, and capable of being taken possession of by anyone.

To all such lands, as unoccupied, men applied the principle of the Roman law of occupation. The first discoverer was considered to be the lawful owner. But as knowledge of the vast extent of the new lands opened up to men, the question arose as to what discovery gave right. It was held that discovery and occupation of the coast-line of a country gave a right to all the territory drained by the rivers of the coast back to the watershed. But this right, it was often contended, would be so construed that the extent of coast must bear some reasonable proportion to the territory which is claimed because of its possession. Under this principle it was that the original rights of Spain, Portugal, France and England were set up on this continent. The attitude towards the inhabitants thereof by these different powers, is expressed in the statement of Chief Justice Marshall, that the English title, which we obtained, excluded the Indians from any rights except that of occupancy; and this right we could lawfully extinguish either by conquest or purchase.

The same principle has been followed in our day by the European nations in Africa, and they have proceeded to parcel out the lands of that continent as if it were unoccupied, and are planning to exercise over its inhabitants, who are outside the pale of Christendom, and towards whom they have incurred no treaty rights, political control as subject populations.

While the Church has inculcated the obligation of justice and charity towards those who are not of the faith, yet it has not in any way

influenced or lessened the principle of alienage in the case of infidel peoples. The principle, although it seems harsh to us, involves no moral wrong, and probably will always remain the basic principle regulating the actions of nations. While the religious movement of the sixteenth century and the secularizing movement of the eighteenth have caused the nations no longer to form a true Christendom, in the sense of the possession of a common religious worship, and while within the nations it is no longer essential for citizenship, to hold to the Christian faith, yet the consciousness of our oneness in certain broad and basic beliefs still maintains our separateness from the outer nations. Where they have been recognized, it has, in every case, been by treaty, and our duty towards them we consider, in every crucial question, as limited strictly by the terms thereof. A fundamental difference in the treatment of what we know as Christian and non-Christian nations, is seen in the fact that in all non-Christian lands, Christian governments insist on the maintenance of courts for their own subjects, and refuse to allow them to be considered as in any way coming under the political rule of the native powers. The fact that our country has by a recent treaty with Japan foregone this right in the case of that land, although it is non-Christian, is a single exception and worthy of note.

Playing with Fate.

FRANK J. F. CONFÉR, '97.

Jack Chesterfield had decided to leave town. It was the night before Hallowe'en. A cold, piercing rain had driven pedestrians from the street. Here and there the arc lamps sputtered their beams for a few feet around, then the gloom closed in again and appeared only more intense by the contrast. The theatres were almost as deserted as the streets, and down at the club the few members that lounged about the rooms seemed to feel the depressing influence of the rain outside, and the usual flow of song and story melted into a drowsy discussion of the government's financial policy, and even then the men talked from a sense of duty and in an effort to escape absolute boredom. After all, what was there to keep Jack in town? Besides he had broken with Margaret, and the dreams of a Hallowe'en spent with her were not to be realized. Yes,

he would start in the morning for Chicago, and surprise cousin Nellie by dropping in as a Hallowe'en visitor. Margaret had left town—at least it was so reported at the club—and Jack could not brook the idea of spending a weary Hallowe'en in the rôle of a deserted lover. So, Jack turned in feeling as "blue" as the haze about the arc lamps, but firmly resolved that nobody should know it.

Next morning, when he boarded the train at the Union railway station, the rain was still falling. One great cloud hung like a pall over the city, and the falling drops brought down minute particles of carbon from the smoke-laden atmosphere, and the gutters surged with an inky stream. Jack settled himself in a corner of the smoking-car, and tried to amuse himself with a magazine; but somehow his thoughts wandered from the printed page and his havana lost its flavor. The rings of smoke settled in a thick haze around him, and seemed to group themselves in fantastic figures against the back of the seat before him. Gradually they took definite shape, and the incident which led to his breaking with Margaret appeared with disagreeable distinctness.

When Colonel Blayney had come to Pittsburg and had built the magnificent stone mansion in Oakland Square, it was suddenly discovered that in addition to the fortune he had made in oil, the old veteran was immeasurably rich in the possession of a beautiful and accomplished daughter. In fact, it was almost no time until Margaret Blayney was the acknowledged belle of Pittsburg. Of course, suitors were not lacking, and Margaret refused several flattering offers of marriage before she had been in the city a month. Indeed, it was whispered about that the beautiful heiress was not so easy to catch, and the half a score of ambitious young swains, who had been dancing attendance upon her, began to doubt whether the prize would fall to any of them.

When Jack Chesterfield came home after a two-years' stay in Europe, which had succeeded his graduation at Cornell, one of the first things he heard at his club was a tale about the beautiful heiress of the oil-king. Jack was interested. In the course of a fortnight he had been introduced, and before long it was whispered about the drawing-rooms that Margaret Blayney had at last met some one toward whom she was not altogether indifferent. Fed by his recent associations with the classic spots of the Orient, and fired by the look of sympathetic interest in Margaret's

deep brown eyes, Jack's enthusiastic temperament won over all obstacles, and in less than a twelvemonth Margaret was his affianced bride.

Their engagement had been like a long blissful dream until one unlucky afternoon in October. Jack had dropped in that morning and proposed a drive to Valleyside Heights for the afternoon. Margaret pleaded a cold, however, and prevailed upon Jack to accept an invitation to dinner instead. There was little to do in the office that day, so Jack mounted his wheel after lunch, and decided to take a spin in the park. After riding around the drives for awhile he leaned his wheel against a tree and dropped into a bench to rest.

He had just lit a cigarette, and happened to glance upward as he threw away the match. A handsome trap, drawn by a pair of spirited horses, dashed by, and—what! There, beside a tall young man of military bearing, was—Margaret! Even as she passed, Jack noted the smile on her face as she looked up into her companion's eyes.

Jack sat rooted to the seat, his gaze riveted upon the vanishing trap. A thousand wild explanations of Margaret's conduct flashed through his brain at the moment, but one by one he rejected them all. As he recovered from his surprise, however, indignation and anger began to take its place. The mystery of Margaret's appearance almost cleared itself up, and the solution was all the more painful. Margaret must have refused his invitation to drive, and pleaded sickness in order that she might fulfil an engagement previously made with this man.

At first Jack had been more pained than angry to think that Margaret had deceived him; indeed, he marvelled that she whom he had thought so fair and true could be false to him. But pride and resentment struggled to the fore. Jack did not keep his engagement for dinner that evening. Instead he wrote a curt little note to Margaret, stating that he had seen her in the park that afternoon and all was over between them.

A reply from Margaret was returned unopened, and Jack began to devote himself to his club with such ardor that his old-time chums, who had about given him over for good, were surprised to see him frequent his old haunts as regularly as before his engagement. An artificial vivacity of manner and a certain swagger which he had assumed to hide the inward misery gnawing at his heart, served to deceive his friends; and when it was hinted about the

club rooms that his engagement with Margaret had been suddenly and mysteriously broken off, people said that it was all the better, and that Jack was never meant for a Benedict anyhow. For all this, Jack was miserable. The anger which had embittered his pen when he wrote the note breaking the engagement, had been mellowed by a fortnight spent out of the light of Margaret's smile; in fact, he had forgiven her all, and would gladly have made his peace with her had it not been for stubborn pride.

It was quite dark when Jack reached Chicago. Having boarded an elevated train he was soon at the door of Nellie's home on Forty-second Street. The maid that answered his ring did not recognize him, and, after taking his card, left him standing in the reception hall while she tripped upstairs to her mistress. The light in the hall was turned low, but Jack's eyes had not yet accustomed themselves to it, and his strained vision labored unavailingly to make out the face of a portrait that hung at the far end of the hall. Somehow he got the impression that it looked like Margaret, and he was on the point of going closer to get a better view when he recovered himself with an effort, and, muttering something like "Rubbish!" he put aside the idea as being absurd. He had succeeded in drawing off his gloves, and now as he heard the rustle of a dress behind him he turned to greet Nellie.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, using the old name by which he was wont to call his cousin during his college days, "did I surprise you?"

Her face was against his shoulder. He bent down and kissed the masses of dark wavy hair—so like Margaret he thought in spite of himself.

"The fact is, sweetheart," he rattled on, determined to be cheerful, "I felt I had been neglecting you lately, and knowing that I should find you here at Hallowe'en, I decided to cut all engagements and run over to see you. I have been a naughty boy, but I am thoroughly repentant. Am I forgiven?"

"How long are you two turtle doves going to stand there cooing?" inquired a strangely familiar voice from the landing above.

The little head on Jack's shoulder slowly raised until a pair of dark brown eyes looked into his blue ones.

"Margaret!" he almost gasped.

"Yes, Jack," she said not seeming to notice his surprise, "I do forgive you, and—"

"I don't suppose I shall receive any recog-

nition at all, unless I come and claim it," said Nellie, who had descended the stairs and held out a hand which Jack mechanically took: "I just thought when your card was brought up that it was intended for Margaret and not for me; still I think you might condescend to say, 'How d'ye do,' for form's sake anyhow."

"But—" began Jack.

"Oh! don't try to excuse yourself," Nellie interrupted, "I know you men too well. When Margaret told me that she had kept the fact of her visiting me a secret at home, I laughed at her. And, by the way, if you had taken the trouble to write to me since your return from Europe so that I could have had your address, I might have congratulated you upon your engagement to my dearest school friend. But I suppose Margaret told you all about the good times we used to have stealing onions after dark in the garden at old St. Xavier's and all those things.

"No, I never—" commenced Margaret.

"You needn't be ashamed of it, for it *was* good fun. Well, I'm glad you two have made up. Margaret would have it that your engagement was broken off for good, but I knew better. But you'll have to get along without me for a few minutes while I run out and see about the dinner," and Nellie tripped out to the dining-room leaving Jack and Margaret alone.

"And now, Jack," said Margaret, when the door had closed behind Nellie, "about that day in the park—"

"But I don't want to hear about it. Let us forget it."

"Oh! you must let me tell you. You know my brother Ted who is in the navy (Jack didn't know) was drafted from the *New York*, which was lying at Boston, to the *Olympia* at San Francisco. He had only three hours to stop in Pittsburg on his way, and he didn't even have a chance to let us know he was coming. And, oh! Jack, he did so want to see the boy who was going to marry me, and I thought that it wouldn't hurt my cold if I wrapped up real warmly. Why, we must have been on our way to your office when you saw us going through the park."

"Dinner is ready," announced Nellie from the door.

"Oh, what a brute I have been!" murmured Jack.

"You're the best boy in the world," whispered Margaret.

And Nellie covered a smile with her napkin.

Varsity Verse.

TO THE NEEDY POET.

POOR in the world's goods, small, mean being
To the eyes of the world that pass by unseeing;
Son of a lowly mother born.
Too mean to hear the proud world's scorn;
Despised by the hurrying great and small
Thy soul is fairer far than all.

Land and castles and glittering gold
Make not the man. Little and old,
Thy narrow cottage is to thee
More than a castle could ever be
To any king. The soul of things
Is shown to you, yet denied to kings.

A. L. M.

A THANKSGIVING ECHO.

Good comrades all, 'tis a day of thanks,
Though the sky be dark and the rain be cold;
Then gather with us at the jolly board
Where jokes are new and the wine is old.

Bury all woe till the day is done,
Let joy with love and peace make strife;
What matter if the morrow brings
The grim old cares of daily life?

A little wine, to give good cheer,
A cup of ale,—a story then,
Good fellows, nothing else compares
With jovial, happy, cheerful men.

This be our thanks: to ever keep
A grateful heart, what tides befall;
Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
With equal grace we'll bear it all.

E. M. H.

THE CAPTAIN'S COURSHIP.

There was once a gentle maid,
Youngest daughter of a Dr.;
And the Dr. was afraid
Of elopements, so he Lr.
In her room.

For this blue-eyed little girl
Loved a stalwart army Capt.;
But the Dr., ugly churl,
Thought her husband should be Rapt
Dollar bills;

Thought his child should wed a youth,
Just a plain and honest Mr.,
But a millionaire, forsooth,—
Like the one that won her Sr.
Months before.

The Capt. thought he'd end this "row,"
So he parted from his Col.—
He's an undertaker now,
And the Dr. swears eTol,
Love for him.

Thus the Capt. won the Miss,
And the Miss is now a Mrs.,
And their lives are full of bliss—
Nought but belling, cooing, Krs.
All the time.

F. W. O. M.

Socrates in Plato's "Crito."

MICHAEL M. OSWALD, '98.

The depths of the human heart can never be sounded better than when we see that the storms of persecution have no power over it,—when calamity affects it no more than a flurry of rain affects the vast ocean. The mind is never more clearly and fully understood than when it is separated from the soiling material world and lives an intellectual life. The morality of a man can never be purer than when it is based on right reason and not on other men's fashions,—when philosophy becomes a remedy against evil, rather than a pleasure or a mere speculative amusement.

To find a man to whom all these marks can pre-eminently be applied we must go back to Athens and Socrates. In his advanced age he was persecuted on false charges. He was tried and condemned to death—sentenced because he taught wisdom and morality to the young Athenian. All that we know about his life and teaching is what has been handed down to us by his disciples, Plato and Xenophon. They have given us an exact description of his character and a faithful account of his practical philosophy. Especially in the "Crito," which is a dialogue between Socrates and Crito, Plato has given us a true representation of the loyal, virtuous Socrates. This dialogue is a very interesting ethical discussion. It is simple in style, full of wise remarks, and clever in its logical arrangement. The central idea hinges on the very standard of Socrates' morality—the distinction between right and wrong. The outcome is a triumph of reason over feeling.

When we read the *Crito*, we feel that we are in the presence of one that rightly deserves to be called "Father of Greek Philosophers." His simple and unpretentious method of arguing convinces us fully of what he affirms. The voice of duty, of justice, of law and of reason, unterrified by approaching death, speaks through him. He is deaf to the cries of his friends, and in the midst of misfortunes he is fearless. His mind is now as calm and unshaken in its resolution to do what appears right to him, as in the peaceful days, when he taught the youth in the *agora*. Though he was unjustly imprisoned, he does not take the advantages offered to him by Crito to escape for fear he might offend the laws. For,

loyal citizen, an unshaken pillar of character, of virtue, of nobility,—had he been a Christian like More, I would say of sanctity.

Early in the morning Crito, the faithful friend of Socrates, comes to visit him. Socrates is still soundly asleep. Crito is much surprised at this and does not awake him. He sits down in silence until Socrates awakes. When Socrates perceives his friend, he asks him: "Why did you not arouse me sooner?" Whereupon Crito answers: "I did not awake you on purpose, that you might spend your time as peacefully as possible. During your former life I often deemed you happy on account of your peculiar turn of mind; but by far more so in this your present calamity, since you bear it so readily and gently, whereas other people, whom similar misfortunes have befallen, are restless and grieved." Such is the mental disposition of the characters, as given in the introduction of the dialogue. Then follows the entanglement of the logical situation in which Crito tries all in his power to invent some means, whether lawful or unlawful, to persuade Socrates to escape from prison and take refuge in Thessaly where Crito's friends lived. The chief ideas of Crito's argument are based upon the threats of the multitude, the prayers of friends and the jeers of enemies. He says to Socrates:

"If you die it will be not only a loss for me, since I shall lose a friend whose like I shall never find again; and you will abandon your children whom you should raise to manhood and educate fully. For a man should either not beget children, or go through thick and thin to raise and educate them. You, however, seem to have chosen the most indifferent way; you who have cared for virtue all your lifetime. Moreover you make the case, with its farcical winding-up in the court, appear as if it had been brought about by our cowardice. Beware, Socrates, lest, in addition to all this, disgrace come upon you and us. Hence make up your mind at once to get out of danger during the course of the coming night." This is the substance of Crito's argument to justify Socrates in running away from prison.

How differently, how cleverly, and with what force and simplicity, does Socrates turn all the plans of Crito into the course of right reason! Then he establishes his moral conduct, which appears strange to many, upon a deeper foundation than the opinions of the mob, or utility, or a kind of sympathy from his friends.

"I never obey any other faculty of mine than reason. According to my former teaching, I can not now overthrow the principles upon which we agreed long ago. Unless we have something better to say than what you have just mentioned, know well, Crito, that I shall not yield to you; not even if the power of the mob uses more of those scare-crows to frighten us like children, confronting us with chains, with death and with the loss of worldly goods." In these words are manifested the determined will, the strong character and the disciplined mind of Socrates. He also refutes the false systems of morality which Crito proposed to him.

First of all, his conduct was not based upon the appetites and pleasures of the body, as he himself insinuates throughout the entire dialogue. Nor did he adopt the opinions of the multitude as the measure of his morality; but with bitter sarcasm he overthrows the very premises which Crito advanced for this argument. The mob, he says, has no head. One moment it wishes to put a man to death, and the minute after it is willing to revive him again. It knows not what is right or wrong, but does either through the chance of opportunity. Like little dogs it likes to bark at strangers. Though it may have power over a man's life at times, yet a virtuous man esteems living well of greater importance than life itself. In the opinions of men, however, Socrates makes a distinction. "Some," he says, "are of the greatest importance, others not." For instance, it is meet that we regard the opinions of a wise man, fear his blame and welcome his praise, just as an athlete listens to the praise and blame and the opinion of his trainer. The opinions of the vulgar, as regards what is just, noble, good and their opposites, we must ignore; for their maxims are "Return good for good, evil for evil, injury for injury." I think it was Seneca that said "the cause is generally bad when the common sort applaud."

Again, Socrates did not place his morality in utility; for when Crito offered him the necessary money to make his escape he refused it. And when Crito tried to convince him that his life is still most necessary for the education of his own children, he replied: "What is life compared to honesty and justice? Besides the body, which is benefited by wholesome food and injured by unhealthful diet, we have another part of our being which is affected by things just and unjust, disgraceful

esteem more highly than the body; for as a ruined body makes life miserable, so a disgraceful soul makes life miserable and not worth living. We must rather die than do wrong, and in no case can we commit an injustice wilfully, not even in retaliation."

When Crito did not succeed in persuading Socrates either to make use of the money offered for his rescue or to regard the opinions of the mob, he resorted to a last means,—the entreaties of his sympathizing friends. But how sadly was he disappointed when Socrates told him in a state of impatience: "For goodness' sake, stop now repeating the same story so often under different appearances. Suppose the laws would meet me at the city gates, just while I am about to run away, what would they say? Would they not ask me: 'Socrates, do you not intend to destroy us, the laws, and the whole city by this deed that you now undertake? Or do you think that that city in which the laws have become powerless and are disobeyed by private citizens, can exist?'"

Crito, now entirely overcome, listens to the imaginary conversation between Socrates and the laws, not able to say anything except his remark at the end, "I have nothing more to say." The central idea of this grand dissertation on the laws is that the laws must be obeyed under all circumstances; they require our submission since to them we owe liberty and happiness. Hence Socrates concludes: "Nothing shall warp my idea of duty. It is wrong to run away from the laws like a coward, and wrong must not be done; not even in retaliation, if perchance it were said that the city maltreated us. By disobedience I shall gain nothing. Even if I should escape the temporal laws, the eternal laws in Hades will reach me."

Such is the character and the morality of Socrates, as it is depicted in the Crito. His moral strength was unconquerable. There was something in his heart which told him to do good and shun evil. Virtue for him was the highest wisdom. Hence he looked upon those who tried to invent systems of morality on the pretext of justifying the gratification of the senses, as foolish, amusing themselves by running after butterflies, following deceitful mirages in the boundless desert of their roaming imagination, and "baying the moon." He possessed a calm disposition and a sedate mind. Crito tells us that he never left Athens for the sake of curiosity. He was an ardent friend of practical wisdom, and a sincere lover

his disciples was "Know yourselves," just as that of St. John to the first Christians was "to love one another."

Socrates believed in the natural creed of right and wrong; and, in the natural sense of the word, he died a martyr for this same creed. His trust in divine Providence was exceptional among the Greeks, for he ends his discourse by saying: "Let us do what the god has ordained best." Yet as a citizen he was too ideal, if this be a fault, and as an individual he cared too little for his own life. As a philosopher, however, he is rightly called the father of philosophers. He was the first among the Greeks that taught the practical philosophy of right and wrong, which Plato, in turn framed so beautifully, and which St. Thomas embellished with Christian thoughts and teachings. The philosophy of Socrates is an overflowing fountain of inspiration from which we draw knowledge even in our own time. Many moral maxims of today are but the fragrant roses that grow on the bush which he planted long ago in Grecian soil.

An Incident in Boyville.

JOHN F. DALY, 1900.

Our boy was one of the very best boys in Boyville. He never played pull-away at recess, because he was afraid that he might spoil his clothes; he would not play marbles "for keeps," because his mother said that was gambling. In the fall he could not snare gophers, because that was cruel. In the winter he skated on a small patch of ice in the back yard at home, because his father had told him that the ice on the river was not safe. In the spring he could not go fishing, because he might fall into the river and get wet. In the summer he did not go swimming with the other boys, because he could not swim. For these reasons he was despised and persecuted by the other boys, who called him a "mamma's boy" and a "baby." There was only one thing that kept our boy from being the most miserable boy on earth. He had a friend who believed as he did. This friend lived just across the alley in the little brown house with the high picket fence around it. You could see the house only in strips up and down. It was like looking through the bars at the bear in the circus. The only difference was that in this fence some of the bars had been torn down,

but in the bear's cage they were prudently all there.

Our boy and his friend had known each other almost four months, and in that time each had come to regard the other as the best boy in the world. They were both so firm in this conviction that they were perfectly satisfied to live apart from the other boys, if they could live together. They had often sworn to be true to each other, and this isolated life they were both determined to lead. Most of their time was spent in our boy's barn playing circus, or in his friend's wood-shed playing carpenter. Here they were always happy. With a small box of carpenter's tools, which our boy's friend had received at Christmas, they worked for hours at a time.

One day they decided to make a boat. It was to be a real, true boat, which they could sail across the pond where the other boys went swimming. They hunted high and low, and after a long search found a suitable piece of wood in our boy's wood-pile. They worked carefully and slowly, because they were going to have the best and prettiest boat ever seen in Boyville. They were both very proud as it approached nearer and nearer perfection, and they made numberless plans as to what they should do when it was finished. In their schemes they always agreed that no other boy was to have anything to do with the boat. They were going to send it across the pond to each other; the other boys could watch if they wanted to, but they could not even touch it.

At last the boat was finished. Then they remembered that they needed a flag. Stub Jones, the king of the other boys, had just the kind of a flag that they wanted. He had saved it since the Fourth of July, and only yesterday had proudly displayed it at school, where every boy had made reckless bids for the precious emblem, partly because it was a pretty flag, but principally because it was Stub's. Our boy was afraid of Stub, so it was arranged that his friend should try to buy the flag.

The next day our boy went out into the alley and gave the old signal, "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" For the first time in four months he received no answer. He did not stop to consider the matter, but immediately crawled through a hole in the big fence and went into the wood-shed. There sat Stub Jones watching our boy's friend who was tying Stub's flag to the middle mast of the boat. Our boy was greeted by an ominous silence.

"Didn't you hear me?" he asked.

"Yep," answered his friend.

"Then why didn't you answer?"

"Didn't want to."

Our boy could not understand it. He sat down near Stub Jones, but Stub didn't even look at him. Then he offered to help his friend, but they told him that only one boy was needed. He sat down again in perplexity. Soon the flag was fastened to the mast and the boat was finished. Then our boy's friend took it in his hand and went out.

"Come on, Stub," he called, and Stub followed. Our boy was stupefied. They had not asked him to go. And it was his boat, too. He thought of all the work he did on that boat, of the plans they had made, and especially of his friend's broken promises. This faithlessness, this perfidy, cut him deeply. He did not move for several minutes. Then he got up and walked slowly home.

For three days our boy was a hermit. With Spartan firmness he had determined to stand by his principles, whatever might happen. He told nobody about his friend's treachery. He went about silent and alone.

Four days later our boy was sitting on the wood-pile out by the barn. His head was bowed; he must have been thinking deeply. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a low, sad cry. Yes, there it came again, the old familiar signal, "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

With joyous welcome he sent back the answer. Then, slowly and hesitatingly our boy's friend came up the alley. His cheek was almost covered with court-plaster, one eye was black, his lip was cut, and his right hand was bound up in white cloth. He stopped near the barn, picked up a stone, and shied it at a clothes post a few yards off; then shambled along toward the wood-pile, always keeping his eyes away from our boy's face. He sat down on the bottom log of the pile; our boy was on the top.

For a moment neither spoke. Then our boy broke the silence.

"Did you get licked?" His friend nodded.

"Who did it?"

"Stub Jones."

An hour later two boys were still sitting on the wood-pile, and a happy light on each face.

"And you won't never play with Stub Jones any more?" our boy was heard to ask.

"Never, no more," answered his friend solemnly; and in those words was made anew the contract of companionship and good will unto each other.

Books and Magazines.

WITH PIPE AND BOOK; A Collection of College Verse Chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison. Preston and Rounds Company: Providence.

In many of the college magazines there is much good verse and much that is bad. Many of the students who know not their limits model their work after the works of great poets, try to turn out a poem of depth and beauty, and, as a usual thing, fail to produce verse that is at all interesting. Had they told us something they felt or thought, in their own way, without trying to equal the poet in art, perhaps their words would have been valuable. Personality is a necessary quality of literature.

College verse,—the best part of college verse—is light, sparkling and cheerful, and makes no boast of being poetry, although, rarely, we do find it is poetry. As the opening rondeau says,

"And youth is gay, and life is fair
In college verse."

So it should be, if it is not. The main desire of the writer should not be to write poetry, but to write clear-cut, polished verse, that charms, that sings in reading. Mr. Austin Dobson, who has given us the most polished verse, has many examples for us to follow. Fortunately he knows how far his own ability can go, and does not attempt anything beyond its reach. We have the *vers de société*, forms upon which should be placed all the refinement and delicacy the writer can create. In this delicacy lies their charm. They are little bits that make no boast of being more than studies in verse. They are sparkling miniatures with each detail finely worked out.

Mr. Harrison has selected some of the best verse for With Pipe and Book. The light, fanciful stanzas breathe the college air. It is a little book such as attract people at first sight. To students especially it is interesting, and mainly to Notre Dame students.

From the SCHOLASTIC are taken two selections; one by Daniel Vincent Casey and one by Thomas B. Reilly. Both of these are well chosen. Mr. Reilly's rondeau, In Memory Land, is very well placed at the end of the book. The SCHOLASTIC has given forth much good verse; Mr. Reilly himself has done much better work than In Memory Land, and there are others who have written lines we hope to see in the next selections of Mr. Harrison's.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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ROY A. MURRAY,

The Mozart Concert.

The second number on our program of concerts and lectures was rendered last Monday. Mr. Crawford, in his brilliant address, opened our lecture course very auspiciously, and the "Mozart Symphony Club" started the concerts in an equally pleasing manner. This company of musicians had played in Washington Hall before, and those who heard them at that time assured us that we would hear excellent music last Monday. We were not disappointed in our expectations. The program contained many choice selections from compositions of such masters as Rossini, Balse, Gounod, Mascagni and Weber. Mr. Otto Lund, the solo violinist, was the favorite with the audience. His execution is very skilful, and the tones he produces are exceedingly clear, sweet and well sustained. There was no uncertainty of expression about his playing, but every note was firm and smooth. He handles his instrument gracefully, thus relieving the audience from witnessing the distressing contortions which many violinists go through.

Mr. Blodeck proved himself to be a master of the cello. This was especially noticeable in the pieces rendered by the quartette. He played many very difficult passages with such apparent ease and brilliancy as to leave no

Gamba solo was very well received. It is the first time that this instrument has been heard in our opera house.

Herr Thieodor Hoch is certainly a wonderful cornetist. He has an excellent gold-plated instrument, which was presented to him by his admirers in New York City. Mr. Hoch played some very difficult pieces, but not once were his tones blurred, and he is free from that harsh breathing which is so very noticeable in cornet players. Mr. Richard Stoelzer gave a pleasing rendition of the *Intermezzo* from the Opera *Cavaleria Rusticana*. He is the only man that has ever played a Viol D'Amour on our stage. Miss Marie Louise Gumaer has a well-trained and moderately strong voice.

On the whole, the concert was very successful and pleasing in many ways. The members of the Symphony Club are well-known musicians, and we hope to have the pleasure of listening to them soon again.

Notre Dame, 34; Michigan Agricul. College, 6.

On a soggy field and with a drizzling rain dripping from lowering skies, the Varsity on Thanksgiving afternoon defeated the representatives of the Michigan Agriculture College by a score of 34 to 6. The men from Michigan share with Chicago the honor of accomplishing that in which all our other opponents this year have failed—they scored on the Varsity. And they scored by good, hard football playing. Every man on their team played a good game, and Captain Baker and full-back Wells played exceptionally good ball. There was not the slightest quarrel—the game being played honestly by both sides. Referee Keep did his best; both he and Umpire McDonald gave satisfaction to both players and spectators.

For Notre Dame, Farley made the prettiest tackle seen here either this year or last. Schillo and Captain Mullen surpassed themselves, and Kegler's right leg was in the business all the time. Eggeman, Murray and Niezer held together bravely; Swonk was good and Lins at half was a success. The backs were strong on the offensive, but when M. A. C. had the ball they made big and frequent gains.

THE FIRST HALF.

Mullen's luck was good on the toss and he took the west goal. On Well's kick-off Lins slipped in a miniature lake and lost the pig's

tackles, M. A. C. rushed the ball to Notre Dame's five-yard line in four minutes. They made two gains into the line, and only a yard separated the ball from the Varsity's resting-place. Lins, Kegler and Schillo hurled themselves at the opposing interference, and threw back Brainerd to the five yard line where the ball went over. The side-lines went crazy at the same time and Kegler sent the oval on an aerial journey for forty-five yards. Over the fence went Farley, and when he came back he was hugging the muddy ball to his still mudier jacket. Mullen, Lins and Farley made gains, and then Schillo, in that gladsome way that is his own, plunged down the line for twenty. Lins, Fennessey and Kegler were on deck again until the ball was ready for Linus to cross the line. Notre Dame, 4; M. A. C., 0.

Wells kicked off again to Farley who regained ten until he encountered a bog and a tackle in the same place. Mullen saw Schillo's twenty, and sent him one better in a great crash into M. A. C's line. Lins again headed the list, and Kegler and Schillo put their names down for more gains. Then Kegler made his touchdown, and Farley kicked goal. Notre Dame, 10; M. A. C., 0.

In a few moments Niezer, carrying the ball and his elaborate head harness, went twenty-three. M. A. C. got the ball a minute later. Brainerd started round the end, fumbled, and in a flash Fennessey was holding the ball in his striped sleeves behind M. A. C's goal. It was as pretty a bit of work as anyone would care to see, and Farley appreciated the circumstances when he kicked goal. Notre Dame, 16; M. A. C., 0.

Wells kicked thirty-five to Farley who had become his favorite target. After a few gains in the centre of the gridiron, Kegler punted fifty yards to Wells who struck a slippery spot, and lost the ball to Farley who galloped thirty-four to a touchdown, and then put the leather between the uprights. Notre Dame, 22; M. A. C., 0.

Woodworth made a beautiful tackle of Schillo and Lins. Niezer, Schillo, Kegler, Mullen, Fennessey and the unquenchable Farley were all given opportunities to gain, which they did until time was called with the ball in Notre Dame's hands on M. A. C's forty-yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Kegler kicked off thirty-five to Baker; Capt. Baker, Williams, Woodworth, Brainerd went after Lins' record, and succeeded in advancing

oval and wet fingers sent the important ball from Brainerd to Capt. Mullen who gained four in the good old way. Fennessey gained two and a half, and Kegler rubbed his hands on his trousers and lifted the ball for a punt of forty yards. Tate and Brainerd advanced well, and here came the star play of this and every other game. Tate, who is a sprinter in quest of an engagement, gently placed the ball next his heart, and by dint of dodging and squirming got through every Notre Dame man, and sped down toward Mullen's goal like a frightened grey-hound. Farley turned and was after him in a race the equal of which will be hard to find. The distance narrowed between them, and when Tate was almost in the forbidden ground, Farley shot through the air in a reckless, head-long dive, and had him at the knees. Tate stopped on Notre Dame's seven-yard line, and Wells went over; but Farley's tackle will be remembered when that touchdown has gone the way of all touchdowns—to oblivion. Notre Dame, 22; M. A. C., 6.

Five minutes later Lins evened it up by another touchdown, and Farley kicked goal. Notre Dame, 28; M. A. C., 6.

Wells kicked-off thirty-five to Fennessey who passed to Farley. The end's leg lifted the ball fifty yards, and Tate secured it. M. A. C. again hammered at the line, and the ball exchanged owners several times on fumbles. Schillo beat his own record and went twenty-three. Farley went twelve, and left the ball on M. A. C's two yard line. Kegler rushed it over, and Waters kicked goal. Notre Dame, 34; M. A. C., 6.

Time was up with the ball in Notre Dame's hands, and the season of 1897 was over. All honor to every man on the Varsity, to the substitutes and the reserves, and a good share to Farley and John Mullen!

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP:	M. A. C.
Farley	Left End	Baker (Capt.)
Niezer	Left Tackle	Price
Murray	Left Guard	Crane
Eggeman	Centre	Vanderstople
Swonk	Right Guard	Skinner
Schillo	Right Tackle	Williams
Mullen (Capt.)	Right End	Woodworth
Waters	Quarter-Back	Ranney
Lins	Left Half-Back	Brainerd
Fennessey	Right Half-Back	Fate
Kegler	Full-Back	Wells

Touchdowns: Lins (2), Kegler (2), Fennessey, Farley for Notre Dame; Wells for M. A. C. Goals from touchdowns: Farley (4), Waters (1). Time of halves, twenty-five minutes. Date and place: Notre Dame, Thanksgiving Day, 1897. Referee and Umpire: Kelp, M. A. C.; McDonald, Notre Dame. Linesmen, Howell, Notre Dame;

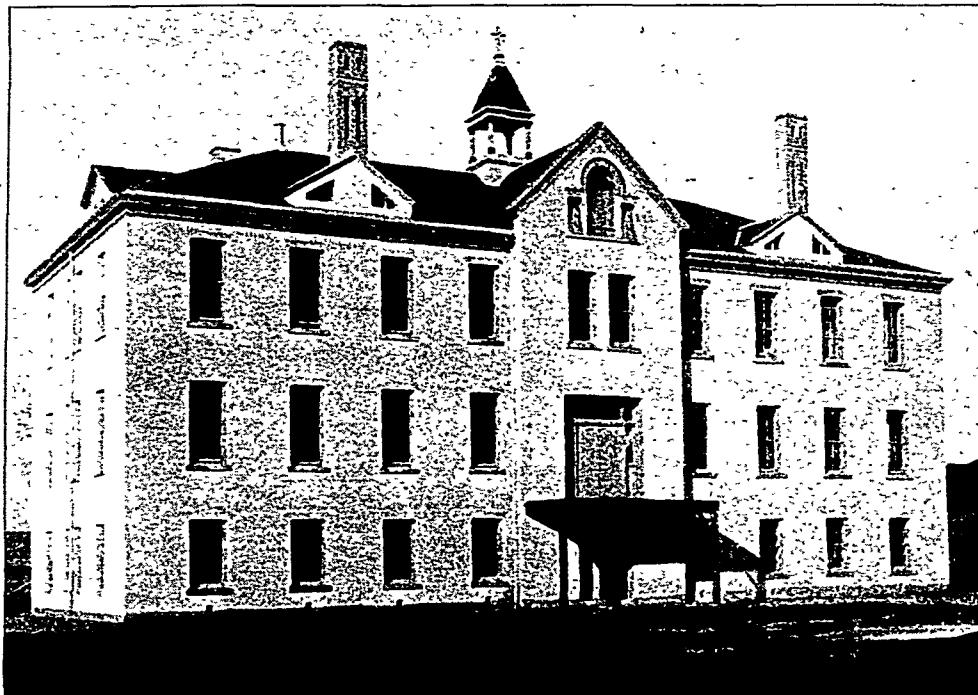
The New St. Joseph's Hall.

The late Professor Lyons, in the "silver jubilee" book, says: "The Manual Labor School was, and has ever been, one of the favorite enterprises of Father Sorin." This short sentence contains the secret of the success of this department of our University. Like all of Father Sorin's projects, the Manual Labor School was directed in its growth by a far-seeing master-mind—a mind that did not know the meaning of "failure." So the school prospered and grew, until to-day it contains as many students as can be accommodated in one of the best equipped, if not the best, Halls at Notre Dame.

During the past week many workmen have been busy tearing down the old St. Joseph's Hall, the building that has withstood the

storms of forty-six years, and that has sheltered during that time many of Notre Dame's noblest sons. When this building, which we now look upon more as a disfigurement of the campus than anything else, was completed in 1851 it was one of the largest and most attractive buildings in northern Indiana. We consider it a very small affair indeed, and it is when compared to the other Halls around it; but in those early days visitors from the surrounding country looked upon it as something massive and entirely too large for the purpose for which it was built. At that time the school contained not only the students' study-hall and dormitory, but the workshops as well.

There the apprentices were taught the several trades, with the exception of blacksmithing, carpentry and printing, which were taught in separate buildings. The manual labor lasted



THE NEW SAINT JOSEPH'S HALL.



THE OLD SAINT JOSEPH'S HALL BETTER KNOWN AS THE MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.

a certain number of hours, and the remainder of the day was given to study. It was here the boy Joseph Lyons made "the wonderful pair of boots" that won the prize at the County Fair years ago, and it was here also that he laid the foundation of an education that later on made him one of the most scholarly and valuable teachers that Notre Dame has ever had. He is but one of the many clever men that look back with pride and pleasure to the days when they were students of St. Joseph's Hall. When we consider even now that several of the most distinguished members of our Faculty—the class poets of '95, '96 and '97, and many of the most brilliant students in the institution—are Manual Labor School men, we can not but believe that there has been more conscientious work in that Hall than in any other department of the University.

The old building may have met all the requirements of forty years ago, but during the past few years it has become so crowded and dilapidated that the authorities decided to build a new Hall. Even when the shops were moved from the building to their present location outside of the University grounds, which was done about ten years ago, the manual labor students were still crowded and compelled to undergo many inconveniences, especially in the cold weather. During the coming winter they will discuss these experiences of the old days in the cozy reading-room of the new building, and enjoy the recital the more because the unpleasantness is a thing of the past.

The new Hall, which was formally opened during the past week, was begun last June. It was the intention of the builders to have it completed before the students returned for the present session, but a serious mistake in a lumber order delayed the work. The site chosen is an excellent one. When the old Hall has been entirely cleared away, there will be room between the new building and Sorin Hall for a campus large enough to accommodate the students of both Halls. The structure is as homelike and comfortable within as its exterior is attractive. The first floor contains private rooms, a reading-room and a refectory, the second, class-rooms, a study-hall and bed-rooms for the prefects. A wide staircase runs from the main corridor on the first floor to the third floor, which is used entirely as a dormitory. All the rooms are bright and well ventilated. Brother Boniface, the esteemed Prefect of the Hall, has labored hard to procure for his students the conveniences that are now theirs,

and he has been ably assisted by Brother Celsus and Brother Hilary, his assistant prefects. The men of St. Joseph's Hall have him to thank almost entirely for their new home; for it was he that practically planned and made a reality this new ornament to Notre Dame. The only drawback to the building is the lack of steam heat, but this will be remedied as soon as the contemplated steam-plant is completed. In the meantime the building will be well heated with large stoves.

F. W. O'M.

Exchanges.

The "Reminiscences" in *The Stylus* are clever and entertaining. The eighth paper deals with the military companies of Boston College in the early seventies, organizations that in those days practically took the place of the football and baseball teams of our time. We regret with the writer, the Rev. Father Callanan, that so little attention is given to military tactics in our colleges today. There are, of course, many games nowadays that are as good and better than drilling, so far as health is concerned; but there are none that can be compared with it to give ease and grace of movement. The "first attempt in rhyme" of J. J. M., "The Team that Owns the Earth," is a remarkably good first attempt. J. J. M. evidently believes in leaving poetry for poets and lofty-browed seniors, and contents himself with attempting simply good verse. The attempt is successful.

* *

In a number of the last volume of *The Mountaineer* the exchange editor spoke of Mr. Michael Earles of the *Georgetown Journal* and Mr. Frank Earle Hering of the SCHOLASTIC as "two of the best poets in the world of college journalism." Praise from *The Mountaineer* is praise indeed, and Mr. Hering and the SCHOLASTIC appreciate the honor very much. We should like to see, however, the name of the editor-in-chief of *The Mountaineer*, Mr. Edward B. Kenna, included in the list of "best" poets in the world of college journalism." In the October number of his paper, Mr. Kenna has a poem, "An Autumn Song," which is the best we have seen in a college paper for a long time. His "The Dandelion" contains a beautiful thought expressed in graceful metre. We congratulate Mr. Kenna and his assistants upon the excellence of *The Mountaineer*, a paper that has a scholarly touch about it that places it in the front ranks of our exchanges.

A New Honor to Judge Howard.

It is with great pleasure that we congratulate the Hon. Timothy E. Howard upon his election to the high office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He has been a judge of the supreme court for some time, and that he has performed his duties ably is evident from his election last Monday. The choice of Judge Howard was a wise one. We at Notre Dame have had ample opportunity to judge of his ability, and the esteem and respect with which his name is held at our University is a token of what that judgment has been. We look upon his election as a personal honor, because of his close connection with Notre Dame, and because he is one of our truest friends. The Faculty and students congratulate Judge Howard, and the SCHOLASTIC joins heartily in wishing him many more years of success in the supreme court.

—————
Notre Dame, 60; St. Viateur's, O.

Farley in big black letters was the hero of Saturday's game in which the Varsity was sent against a team vastly inferior to it, but which played plucky football from start to finish. The game was free from all disagreeable features.

The men from Kankakee were inexperienced, but fought hard for their colors. Full-back and Captain Walsh played well, and when they had the ball, St. Viateur's made good gains.

On the offensive, Notre Dame was irresistible. Long end runs and hard line plugging rolled up the big score, and Mullen and Farley kept St. Viateur's backs in their places. The Varsity line did not hold extremely well, but Eggeman was a stone wall as usual.

Niezer, Schillo, Mullen and Farley carried off the honors as ground-gainers, some of the runs being wonderful. Healy, who was in the game in the last half, went fifty yards through a crowded field like a veteran. Next year Healy will be a very valuable man; this year his courage has earned him much praise. But Farley—well, he went seventy-once and fifty several times, made three touchdowns and kicked four goals and tackled like a fiend. To this quiet, unassuming end belongs the credit for many a long run and many a fearless tackle on the field this fall.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP	ST. VIATEUR'S
Farley	Left End	Bremock
Murray	Left Tackle	Kearney
Niezer	Left Guard	Legris
Eggeman	Centre	Armstrong
Swonk	Right Guard	Hawkins
Schillo	Right Tackle	De Forge
Mullen (Capt.)	Right End	Patterson
Waters	Quarter-Back	Quill
Lins	Right Half-Back	Danihar
Fennessey	Left Half-Back	Moore
Kegler	Full-Back	Walsh (Capt.)

Local Items.

—Lost.—A gold ring set with a ruby and two pearls. Return to C. V. Schermerhorn.

—"Sheeky's Colts" defeated a team from South Bend Thanksgiving morning by a score of 10 to 0.

—SYLLOGISM.—L. C. M. R. says: "Whiskers grow on a wart." Whiskers grow on L. C. M. R.; therefore, L. M. C. R. is a wart.

—Dwyer's hair has a good start now, and unless it gets a set-back will be of good length for the football season next year.

—The names of players entitled to wear the monogram for athletic services this year will be published in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Thomas Master, a student of '93-'4, was a visitor at the College Thanksgiving day. He is a law student at the University of Michigan.

—Lost.—A gold pendant with diamond and pearl settings was lost during the visit of the Alumnæ of St. Mary's. Please return it if found to Father Regan.

—In the debate of the Law Debating Society last week it was stated that the negative won. This is an error, the affirmative having been awarded the decision.

—Two Minims were discussing the Thanksgiving dinner, said one of them. It would have been a peachey dinner if the head hadn't played piggy on the white meat.

—When it comes to playing leap frog Adams and Wheeler are easy winners. These fellows would make good pale vaulters if they could get a man like Jon Landers to practise on.

—The Executive Committee elected Fred Schillo, Manager of the football team for next year with A. D. McDonald as alternate. Chas. Neizer was elected Manager of the track team.

—The St. Joseph's Hall boys have moved into their pretty new building, and already the workmen have begun tearing down the old one which has so long been an eye-sore to the place. Essays on "The passing of the Shack," are now in order.

—THE PHILOPATRIANS held their third meeting Wednesday, Nov. 24. The new members admitted were Mr. Leffingwell, Wellman Juretich and Miller. The recitations and music were well rendered and enjoyed by all. Mr. Leffingwell was appointed Censor to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Meagher.

—The SCHOLASTIC reporter was permitted to examine some paper weights which will be for sale next week in the Students' Office. As a souvenir of Notre Dame or a holiday present nothing more unique could be presented to your friends. The weight represents a miniature picture of the University, with college colors as a background.

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes no more jokes. Next week a special list of prizes, consisting of

coffee-pots, tureens, spoons, and other beautiful and artistic gifts, will be printed. The SCHOLASTIC wishes a new lot of epigrams, dirges and designs for gravestones and poems in which "to his loving mother-in-law" can be replaced by uncle or "skool-maids," etc..

—A surprise was occasioned last week when the pictures of two of our stalwart football players, Kegler and Mullen, were seen decorating an advertisement of one of the big department stores in a Chicago paper. It should be said by way of explanation that these pictures were not accompanied by testimonials of the quality of a certain brand of soap. The gentlemen were in no way responsible for their publication. So we must assume that the advertising manager selected them as being ideal football players. A point which he wished to emphasize.

—The students entertained the visiting team of St. Viateur's College in the Brownson reading room last Saturday evening. An informal program was arranged, and the evening was enjoyably spent. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by Father Cavanaugh, Col. Hoynes, Captain Mullen and S. J. Brucker; J. T. Bouwens, Jerome Crowley and C. T. Ensign sang. Jos. Rowan and the O'Brien Bros. rendered instrumental selections. Father Kelly of St. Viateur's responded to the welcome on behalf of the visitors, and Mr. Quill, an elocutionist of much ability, gave a reading that was received with deafening applause.

—Many and varied were the dreams on the night of Thanksgiving. Turkey, sauce, salad, bones, pie-pans and tooth-picks and other various things found lodging in the digestive receptacles of students, and during the hours of slumber these rose up and fought. Bob was dreaming of the old home, the brook, the meadows, the orchards, the green fields. Bobby hummed "comin' thro' the rye," as he walked gaily to the meadow with the milk-pails. The birds sang as he adjusted his stool; but alas! the bloomin' quadruped became cantankerous, and kicked Bobby over home, meadow, etc., and landed him in his own room on the Rue Maison Reuf. Bill dreamed he had a box of cigars; and was just about to light one when he awoke and found his finger in his mouth. O'Malley was taking a picture of Zeus when the janitor came around and picked him to his earthly domicile. What the rest of these dreams are is too long to tell.

—The tally-ho party to Niles was pursued by the hoodoo. Three coach loads were turned loose upon the sleepy wolverine village, and they viewed the sights and enjoyed themselves until the approach of nightfall. The bugle sounded for the return; two were absent. A vain search was made, and the wagonettes departed for home. Yellow Fever Dupe and Cincinnati Pete, standing on the shore of the St. Joe river casting pebbles into the stream,

were not aware of the awful predicament that awaited them. When they returned to the appointed meeting-place they found the crowd had gone. Dupe had no money, and Pete was broke. A hasty resolution was taken. Dupe said: "Come on," and struck out at a Dan O'Leary pace down the railroad track. Pete looked after him and shook his head: "That ain't my game," he sighed, and mournfully betook himself to the switch yards. A freight train was making up; he crawled stealthily under a car and got on the trucks. When the train reached South Bend Pete emerged. "That wasn't no Pullman," he said to himself, "but it beats a hot foot." Dupe arrived at the college fifteen minutes before his companion with the world's-long-distance-walk record attached to his buttonhole.

—The following contributions to the Poets' Corner have been received this week. We prefer poems on love, flowers and spring; but if you can not spring anything on these subjects, spring any old thing. The best poems always stand at the top of the column.

What cruel, wicked hand hath done this deed,
Hath hushed the little voice I loved so well;
What bugger in his ever-reaching greed,
Hath plucked away this sinless life? Ah! tell
Who done it?

Jack's Devotee.

IN GAY SOIREE.

I've been to Sorin Hall,
Saw students great and small,
Saw Brindle Joe who used to grow
Whiskers that a lawn-mower couldn't mow.
Oh! I saw O'Malley's den
Where all the Sorin men
Do congregate—the inebriate—
And J. M. B. with his shining pate!
Oh! I caught a glimpse of Bill
Who lies in bed at will;
When the big bell rings he sweetly sings
"I'm coming Brother," and all such things.
Then I tried to ring a "Con,"
Where a little game was on,
Was winner, too, when the first I knew,
The gang caught on, and I lost every sou.
Then I went to Murphy's room
That never saw a broom,
Said "How-do-you-do," then called for a chew
While the fierce wind through my whiskers blew.
Then I went on Rue-te-Toot
Where the Dutchman blows the flute,
I called for a beer and it didn't appear,
But a seltzer bottle grazed my ear.
Then I went to Brownson Hall,
But this was worse than all,
I met old Hi with his usual cry,
And he talked and talked till I thought I'd die.
Then I met this man Van Hee
With his coat cut like a "V,"
And ghost-scared Dreher, the plucky "stayer,"
And a boy with a head like that cornet-player.

(Never mind getting personal. We will issue a special pamphlet containing the rest of this rubbish, if desired.—ED.)

—We are able this week to publish the opinion of one of the great minds of the University on a question worthy of consideration. The following is the question we submitted: Emerson says: "No sensible person

ever made an apology." What think you of this?

WILLIAM MURPH: I think Emerson wrote this on an empty stomach (This is only a figure of speech). Now, in the first place I think it takes a sensible man to make an apology. An insensible man could no more make an apology than he could make Landers get off the billiard table. Now let us bring this question home. I don't mean by this to send it home to the folks. Just think on it a little. Would you not much rather make an apology to a man for planting your hoof squarely on his sensitive corn than get thumped right before all your young lady friends? Would you not rather apologize to a man after he caught you pinching his ticker than spend six months at hard labor, especially if you are opposed to exertion as I am? Would you not rather apologize to your mother-in-law for being on earth than have her give you a piece of her mind, especially if she is over-generous? Again, is it not wiser and cheaper to apologize to the collector for causing him so much trouble than to pay the bill? A man's treasury of apologetic utterances (How's this?) is always brimming over, while his pocket-book may be embarrassing to look at, or he may want the coin for something else. Still again, suppose you are concealed around the corner waiting for a crowd of troublesome boys who have been calling you "bow-legs," or some equally embarrassing name, and when you hear footsteps approaching you lift a baseball bat, and by accident let it come down heavily and unquestionably upon the venerable head of the minister. Is it not much better to pick him up, brush off his prince-al, and say: "I beg your pardon, sir," than to be arrested for assault and battery? Is it not better to apologize to Willie for holding a different opinion from his on a certain matter than to have him begin an argument with you, especially if you have any lessons to prepare? I could give you hundreds and thousands of splendid reasons to hold my position; but as I see Wedock coming, and would rather hold my plug of tobacco, I will take a sneak. Farewell.

Roll of Honor.

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